

Good Morning

S22

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

OKAY
Ldg. Tel.
J. AMES
Ginger's on
guard over
John James
Michael



"STEP near who dares," says Ginger, the He-Man Cat, as he watches over John James Michael, son and heir of Ldg. Tel. J. Ames, of Newton Park, Leeds.

Mrs. Ames tells us that Ginger has adopted John James Michael since you were last home. The two are inseparable, and Ginger sticks around even when Baby is having his bath.

And, incidentally, John James Michael grows more like you every day—even to his love of being in the water. He's never even cried once when he's been bathed.

Mrs. Ames also told us about the time you came speeding home expecting to find twin daughters—and were presented with John James Michael.

Do you mind if we tell the story?

Ldg. Tel. J. Ames got a cable saying:—

"Congrats. Daddy Love from Mary and Peggy."

A few days later L.T. Ames was granted leave, rushed home to Leeds, flung his arms round his mother's neck and said, "Where are my twin daughters?"

"Daughters?" said mother. "You mean your son."

"But the cable said 'Mary and Peggy'."

So mother straightened it out. Mary and Peggy are L.T. Ames's sisters. The whole family had sent him congratulations by cable, but by the time he'd set off home the cable from Mary and Peggy was the only one that had arrived.

"Cheer up," said mother. "John James Michael is the pride of the family!"



There's an UGLY FACE on UGLY HOUSE

ONE man at least is known to have described this house to visitors as the place where Adam and Eve spent their honeymoon!

There are other people who favour the popular belief that it was built by two men in one night. Actually, however, there is still no authentic clue to the origin of The Ugly House at Capel Curig, North Wales, which, despite the war, still attracts visitors and is sought after by wealthy Americans.

How and why Ugly House came into being will probably never be known, for it dates back to 1475—which is older than the Welsh records. The most reasonable theory

is held by its present occupier, Mr. Edward Riley. "The house stands near the road which used to carry the Irish M.P.s to Parliament," Mr. Riley told "Good Morning." "Transport in those days was such that days of waiting might have to be spent at spots such as this. Travellers would naturally build somewhere to sleep and eat, and they would certainly build something solid."

"The rivalry that sprang up among the travellers as to who could make the biggest contribution towards making the house strong and weatherproof probably accounts for the huge stones used in its construction.

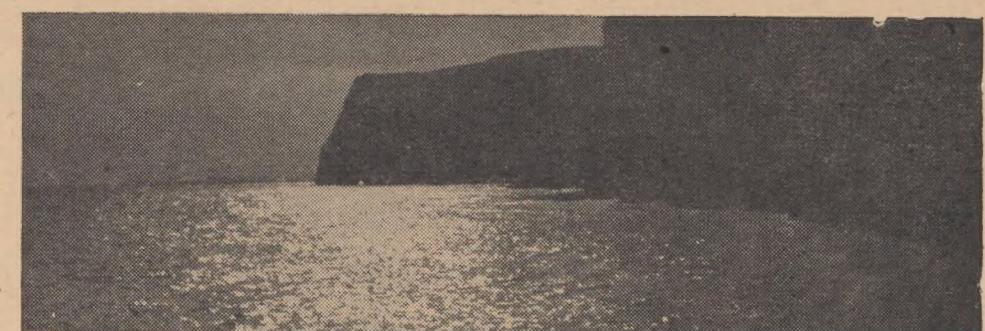
"Each traveller would want to beat another, and some idea of the competition that

went on is gauged from the fact that some of the stones are six and seven tons in weight."

Careful choosing of stones has given the house an interesting display of natural carvings. Animals' heads, crude but effective, adorn the main entrance, and one of the huge stone chimneys (shown here), when viewed from a certain angle, is an almost perfect representation of an old man complete with hat. Whoever the old-time builders of Ugly House may have been, they seem to have had quite a lot of knowledge interesting to modern architects, many of whom still spend hours studying the quaint method of construction.

AL MALE takes you once again

Beneath The Surface



What is this life, if full of care,
We have not time to stop and stare.

No time to see in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

—W. H. Davies.

SOUNDS like the philosophy of a tramp, doesn't it? As a matter of fact it is. William Henry Davies, known as the "Tramp Poet," wrote those lines, and though one may not altogether agree with the idea of a tramp's life, one surely must agree with Davies that if life is SO full of care, then it is not worth a dime.

Maybe this particular morning I am infected, positively entranced, by the beauty of an amazingly blue sky, glimpses of which I get as I look over my shoulder and gaze through a high-up window.

Blue sky . . . what visions it conjures up . . . what restlessness it causes when you feel pent up and sort of gasping to be where you belong—with nature.

Almost convinces one that the tramp has got something . . . freedom to go when and where he pleases, and to stay as long as he likes at whatever beauty spot fascinates him.

Yet, of course, work must be done—we have all to contribute something to the world, or not get anything from it—as far as worldly goods are concerned at any rate.

The great consolation is that there are beauties which are free yet priceless, waiting to be appreciated, if only we have time to "stop and stare."

Gently flowing streams—green fields and grassy banks—cool shady trees—music of birds—of children's laughter—of great composers—of poetry—of literature and all the arts.

Mother-love—love of lovers.

Love . . . yes, of all those stars which sparkle in the stream of Life, and are as unlimited as those in the Heavens.

Many more than we can possibly absorb.

Unostentatious, they await our recognition—parts of the great scheme of Creation, whether natural or inspired by nature, and fashioned by those who have allowed their talents to be used as a medium of expression of their appreciation of the highest in any sphere.

We say that these things are "strikingly beautiful" or "irresistibly attractive," according to our mood.

But if we do not "stop and stare" we cannot possibly attain even the mood.

You couldn't have the electric light or radio, if you were too indifferent to switch on—neither can you expect to enjoy the sensation of uplift gained through the appreciation of any good thing if you are too indifferent to pause sufficiently long to become "at-tuned."

—

Thank Heaven that William Davies not only paused, but gave us the benefit of his reflections.

He had a varied life. A legacy, which provided an income of 8s. per week, enabled him to go to America, where he did odd farm jobs, then went on tramp.

Caught up in the Klondyke fever, he attempted to board a train heading in that direction, but fell and, as a result, had to have a foot amputated. He returned to Wales.

London attracted him, and he lived in a common lodging house in Southwark, where he wrote poetry which no paper would publish.

Tramping the country, and selling his poems door-to-door, he saved enough to pay a publisher £20, and produced "The Soul's Destroyer" and other poems.

He enjoyed the unique distinction of witnessing the unveiling of a plaque to his honour by the Poet Laureate (Mr. John Masefield), and he died in 1940, aged seventy.

Davies styled himself a tramp. Maybe it would be a good thing if many of us who scorn the name would "stop and stare," and see "streams full of stars," as he did.

—

Maybe we wouldn't be quite the wastrels we are—who knows?

Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

A LETTER FROM HOME

As Voltaire said, "The post is the consolation of life." That is why so many letters are written to and from home. Here is one of the most famous letters in history ever written. It shows that, whatever the circumstances, the human element is the same in all ages.

FROM EMPEROR JULIAN TO EVAGRIUS, THE RHETORICIAN.

Constantinople, A.D. 362.

A SMALL estate of four fields, in Bithynia, was given to me by my grandmother, and this I give as an offering to your affection for me.

It is too small to bring a man any great benefit on the score of wealth or to make him appear opulent, but even so, it is a gift that cannot wholly fail to please you, as you will see if I describe its features to you one by one. And there is no reason why I should not write in a light vein to you who are so full of the graces and the amenities of culture.

It is situated not more than twenty stades from the sea, so that no trader or sailor with his chatter and insolence disturbs the place. Yet it is not wholly deprived of the favours of Nereus, for it has a constant supply of fish, fresh and still gasping; and if you walk up on to a sort of a hill away from the house you will see the sea, the Pontus and the Islands, and the city that bears the name of the noble Emperor (Constantinople); nor will you have to stand meanwhile on seaweed and brambles, or be annoyed by the filth that is always thrown out on to sea beaches and sands, which is so very unpleasant and even unmentionable; but you will stand on smilax and thyme and fragrant herbage.

Very peaceful it is to lie down there and glance into some book, and then, while resting one's eyes, it is very agreeable to gaze at the ships and the sea. When I was still hardly more than a boy I thought that this was the most delightful summer place, for it has, moreover, excellent springs and a charming bath and garden and trees.

When I had grown to manhood I used to long for my old manner of life, and there visited often, and our meetings there did not lack talks about literature. Moreover, there is there, as a humble monument of my husbandry, a small vineyard that produces a fragrant, sweet wine, which does not have to wait for time to improve its flavour.

You will have a vision of Dionysus and the Graces. The grapes on the vine, and when they are being crushed in the press, smell of roses, and the new-made wine in the jars is a "rill of nectar," if one may trust Homer. Then why is not such a vine as this abundant and growing over very many acres? Perhaps I was not a very industrious gardener. But since my mixing bowl of Dionysus is inclined to be soberness, and calls for a large proportion of the nymphs (i.e., of water), I only provided enough for myself and my friends—and they are few. Well, then, I now give this to you as a present, dear heart, and though it be small, as indeed it is, yet it is precious as coming from a friend to a friend, "from home, homeward bound," in the words of the wise poet Pindar.

I have written this letter in haste, by lamplight, so that if I have made any mistakes, do not criticise them severely or as one rhetorician would another.

SUNDAY FARE

You may be wary of anything in verse
—But you'll find a rattling good story
in the original of

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair.
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a squire,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out. Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there, like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crozier! He hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air, he perched on the chair,
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little Singing-boys—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more, a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout.
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside-out;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinel drew off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates—
They turn up the rags, they examine the mugs;
But, no! No such thing. They can't find THE RING,
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;



He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The Monks and the Friars, they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Came limping, a poor little lame Jackdaw?
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw,
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower, he limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door.
When the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more even than before;
But no longer it wag'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied—or if any one swore—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time, and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw,"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, his merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow!
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!

Rev. R. H. BARHAM.

What rage for fame attends
both great and small!
Better be damned than men-
tioned not at all.
John Wolcot
(1738-1819).

At Buckfast Abbey the Monks are Ready for anything

WITH their own funds, the Benedictine monks of Buckfast Abbey have purchased and equipped a fire engine, and take time out from their sacred devotions to undergo rigorous training under the direction of the N.F.S.

A specially trained squad of monks are fitted out with the complete N.F.S. uniform, but all members of the holy order are expected to help in time of emergency—thus it is no uncommon sight to see monks in their habit, wearing tin hats, practising with the engine, fire drill, under the direction of monk Dom Albert Malone.

four Germans to "discover" England about that date—he put up at the White Hart Inn. He was delighted to find a Common Room.

His main kick against Englishmen of those days was that when they came to an inn they asked for a private room; but he could study English manners in the Common Room freely. This room, he stated in his record of the journey, "made up for the morose, reserved and foolish-proud air of the rest."

He saw the Pump Room, the boarding-houses, the Abbey, and the bookshops, "where you can read books and magazines, and its lending libraries to fill the vacant hours with entertaining literature."

But he had another grievance. There "was no public library for students," and he deplored that, just as in the London of that day, "there was no meeting-place for scholars and men of learning."

TEA AT BRISTOL.

The Doctor was taken to tea and to spend an evening with a Bristol family. Here is his description of that occasion:

"We sat down to tea at 6, and to my surprise and pleasure, when this was removed, the servant received no order to bring in the card-tables, but the women, younger and older, including four guests, sat round a small table and busied themselves sewing, while the men formed a semi-circle beside them, and the time passed until supper time in pleasant talk, in which the ladies bore a large part.

"In houses of less importance than this in London two or three card-tables would have been produced at once, as an antidote to the boredom, and to conceal the fact that the company was incapable of rational conversation and the clash of wits..."

"The supper was very good, but not extravagant, and the company parted at 11, an hour when a London host would be putting supper before his guests."

He saw a bonfire on Brandon Hill made by some young bloods of Bristol to celebrate the defeat of a vote for the abolition of the slave trade.

He visited the sugar refineries of Bristol, and the glass works, and admired the view of Bristol Channel from Pen Pole Point.

"SERIOUS" SALISBURY.

Then he went to Salisbury, and was greatly impressed with the solitude of Salisbury Plain and the seriousness of the people working on the land. He contrasted their lack of gaiety with Germany! "In Germany," he wrote, "what a gaiety and cheerfulness prevail among the countryfolk as they gather in the fruits of nature! But here in England I found nothing of the kind. No singing, no gaiety, no joking."

The only women working in

PUZZLE CORNER

G					AC	QU	IRE
G					OB	SC	URE
G					TO	CKE	YS
G					OD	IG	Y
					HAR	VE	ST
					SHER	IFF	
					FARM	ING	

Can you complete these words according to the clues? — 1, Small anchor. 2, Quickness. 3, Disregard. 4, Surrounded by the ocean. 5, Ship's cargo. 6, Pounces. 7, Dearly beloved. Solution in S 23. And here's the solution to problem in S 21.

the fields were emigrants from Wales and Ireland for the season. "When you meet a family of Welsh girls," he said, "dressed in their homespun and talking Welsh, which the English do not understand, they seem like foreigners."

Next he went to Southampton, which was then a fashionable resort; but Dr. Wendeborn was not very interested in the town, except in the wool and wine trades. So he plunged into the New Forest, found it "badly managed," and hastened to Portsmouth.

There he saw the frigate "Brunswick," of seventy-four guns, commanded by Sir Roger Curtis, the hero of the floating batteries at Gibraltar in 1782. He also saw the French "Barfleur," the 92-gun frigate captured from the French. And that impressed him profoundly.

At this hour the thousands of kitchens and stoves, which are fed with coal in the daytime, are no longer burning. The foul smoke of the coal fires, with which the city is covered eighteen hours of the 24, has disappeared, the air begins to clear, and the smoke of the bakeries, which are heated with wood instead of coal, spreads a very country-like smell in the neighbouring air.

After his visit to Portsmouth he drove to Brighton. Even in those days Brighton was famed for its "Down mutton," which he found agreeable. But as for Brighton, he hasn't a good word to say about it!

"DEAR" BRIGHTON.

"Without gardens and with hardly a tree within five or six miles, beaten by the south and

south-east wind, in summer scorched by the heat; with nothing to occupy it but fashionable pleasures and distractions, a town where everything is extraordinarily dear, and landlords flay strangers in an unexampled manner" is his description.

He came back to London after this, driving all the way, and he gives a picture of London at midnight which is vivid and self-explanatory.

A LONDON SMELL.

"One gets a pleasant change of smell," he wrote to his friends in Germany, "at midnight when the bakers in the streets of this great capital begin to heat their ovens, in order to have their bread ready for sale in the early morning.

At the Crown Inn, where he "dined well and in good company, with not only strangers but a number of ships' officers, some of them very agreeable"; and he noted that "the presence of the hostess at the head of the table, with other ladies near her, produced a certain decorum in the conversation."

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"DEAR" BRIGHTON.

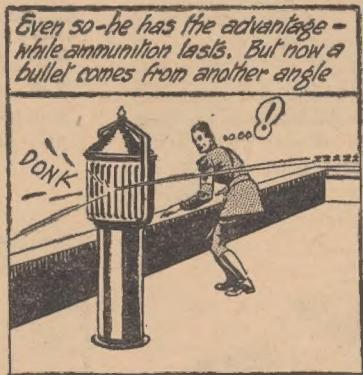
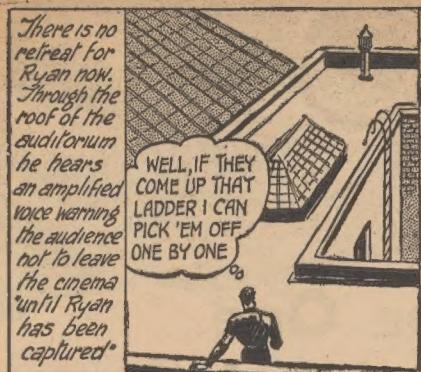
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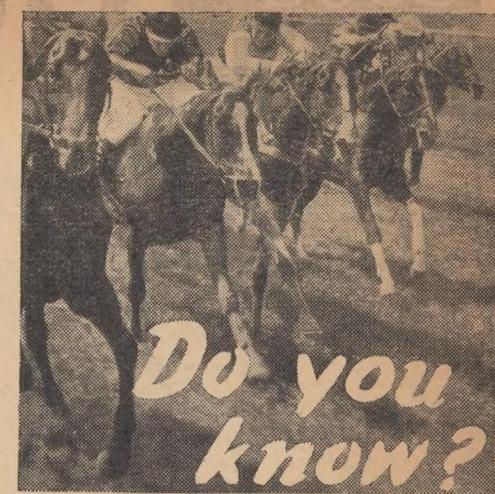
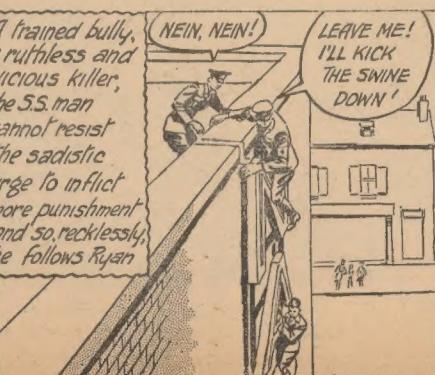
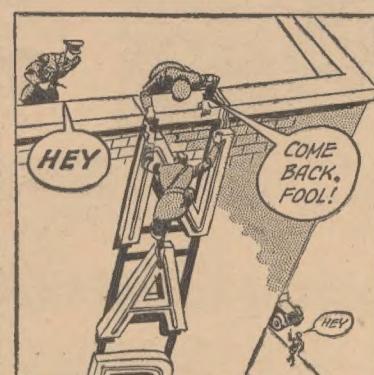
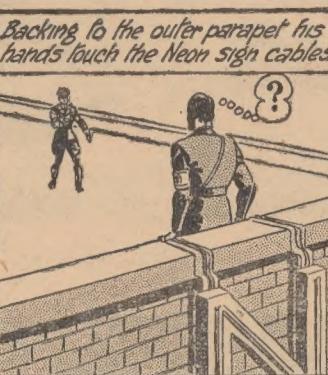
WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve.
Answer to last week's problem was: The King of Clubs.

BUCK RYAN



Buck Ryan's ammunition is spent at last. He tosses his automatic away and stands up. Seeing this the S.S. men close in. They have instructions to take him alive, if possible, for interrogation



By W. H. MILLIER

THAT Dr. Johnson (the lexicographer) declared that no man could travel at twenty miles an hour and live?

THAT the first man in the world to ride twenty miles in an hour on a bicycle was H. L. Cortis, at the Crystal Palace, 27th July, 1882?

THAT this pace had been progressively increased, with man's energy as the only motive power, until we come to the remarkable record of Leon Vanderstuyft?

THAT this Belgian cyclist pedalled 76 miles 504 yards (paced by motor-cycle) in one hour on 1st November, 1928?

THAT in 1924, when Malcolm Campbell drove his car at 150 miles per hour, few people were prepared to believe that he would be able to double this speed in a little over ten years?

THAT in 1935 Malcolm Campbell achieved his ambition of setting the land speed record at a trifle over 300 miles per hour?

THAT two years later G. E. T. Eyston put the record at 311.42 m.p.h., and in the following year improved this performance by returning 345.49 m.p.h.?

THAT in 1939 John Cobb carried the record to 368.85 m.p.h., at which figure the land speed record now stands?

THAT the present air speed records are "hush hush"? Nevertheless it has been mentioned that a speed of 780 m.p.h. has been attained in power dives.

THAT even in Dr. Johnson's day there was horse racing, and although the timing of races is much more recent, it is presumed that the jockeys must have travelled at a pace of twenty miles an hour?

THAT even with the vast improvement of the breed, the fastest speed of a horse is below 40 m.p.h.?

THAT timing of horse races in Great Britain is of little value as a guide to form? It is seldom that jockeys ride "all out" from start to finish. Another factor is the state of going. This is seldom twice alike.

THAT in America racing tipsters depend almost entirely on the stop-watch as a means of assessing relative form?

THAT the average speed of a racing greyhound is round about 30 m.p.h., and the average distance raced on a circular or oval track is 500 yards?

THAT the greyhound goes "all out" from start to finish and timing is the best method of assessing form?

THAT not all tracks adopt the same procedure in timing races? Many retain hand timing, others use the ray, or selenium cell.

THAT hand-timing cannot be as consistently good as ray-timing? Where the human element enters there is more likelihood of error. The natural reaction of the timekeeper varies from man to man, and it is seldom possible for the same timekeeper to be on duty on every occasion.

THAT the fastest time over the boat-race course, from Putney to Mortlake (4½ miles), was 18 mins. 29 secs., when Oxford beat Cambridge by 2½ lengths on April 1st, 1911?

THAT the best time over this course by a single sculler was 21 mins. 12 2-5 secs., by Ernest Barry, October 12, 1908?



Sir Malcolm Campbell

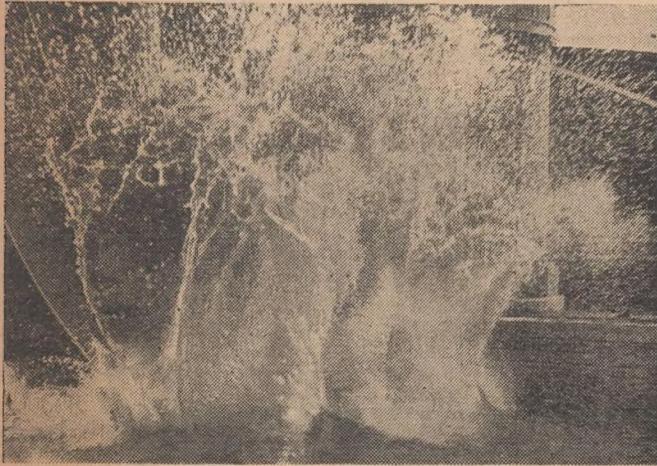
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

OUR CRAZY FISHING MATCH



1 When Betty Gladeyes, the Village Vamp, caught two gurt big soles, one after the other, on a bit of stick and a pin, some said as how Tom Inglenook had swum under water and put 'em there. He always was sweet on Betty. Anyhow, she got the hair pins.



4 Joe Wallop, the village landlord, hadn't had a bite. He must have been dozing, he said, when he suddenly woke up and happened to glance to his side. He jumped for his life—

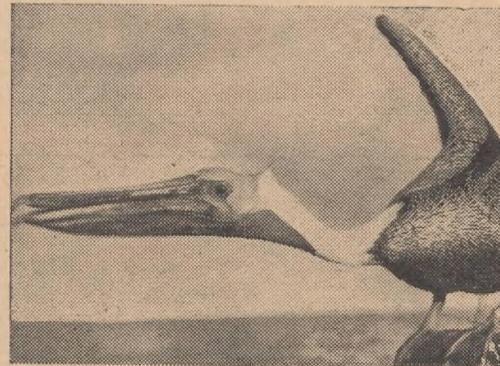


It all started when Jim, our fishmonger, hadn't had any fish in his shop for six weeks. "We'll soon 'ave to catch 'em ourselves," said someone—and arter a bit of talk, Tom Inglenook, what is always telling us about the fish as big as a house he used to catch in Canada, said, "What about asking Squire to put up a prize, and 'aving a fishing competition?"

Squire was agreeable. He said he'd give a box of matches for the man, and a packet of hair pins for the woman, as caught the biggest fish. Half the village was at the river on the day of the match. Judging by the things that happened it was a wonder we caught anything.



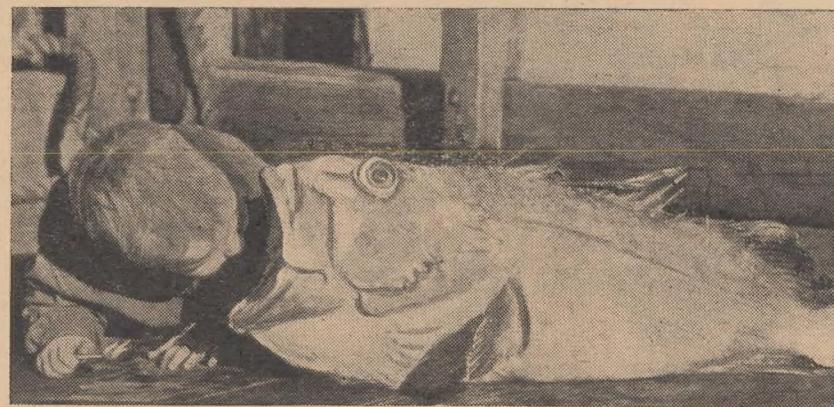
2 The talk was all the worse when Tom, himself, came up from "Under the Surface" with a huge fish on the end of his old grandma's toasting fork. But there was nothing against spearing in the rules, and he won the matches.



5—and this is what he saw.



6 Smallest catch of the day.



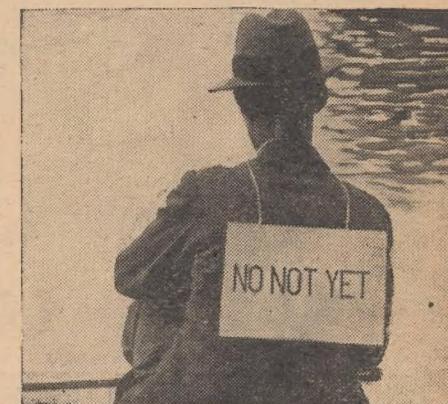
8 Another kid spent half his time trying to see into the tummy of a stuffed fish what Sid Stranglefeather had brought down for size.

9 Sid left us early. He had a narrow squeak and has been nervous ever since.



10 Most of us only got tiddlers. So we weren't much better off—till we saw the old cat going up the High Street.

The One that got Away



3 Jake Woodhead, the carpenter, got fed so up with people asking him if he'd caught any that he fixed a notice on his back.



7 Of course the kids got into all sorts of scrapes. Willie got the biggest catch—but it didn't count.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"After that I'll almost believe that cat can read."

